CHALLENGER DEEP
Issue 1
Full Script
by Andy Schmidt

For artist's reference:

How Stuff Works: Submarines
http://science.howstuffworks.com/submarine.htm

Wikipedia entry on submarines
http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Submarine

Virgina Class sub reference
http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Virginia_class_submarine

Tomahawk missile reference
http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/BGM-109_Tomahawk

SSN-775 USS TEXAS Reference
http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/USS_Texas_%28SSN-775%29

Lots of interior photos of the SSN-775 TEXAS
http://www.subsim.com/articles/article_usstexas2.php

Navy Rank insignias and all that stuff
http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/United_States_Navy#Personnel

Ranks and insignias from Navy.com
http://www.navy.mil/navydata/navy_legacy_hr.asp?id=258

Mark,

The dialogue is placeholder in some places because I'm not finished with the research on submarines and such, but it should be sufficient to get the artist drawing (I hope).

Andy

Challenger Deep

Concept: What if Tom Clancy and Michael Crichton got together to write a deep-sea action thriller with global stakes?

<u>FACT</u>: The Marianas Trench is the deepest known submarine trench on the planet. It's located in the floor of the western North Pacific Ocean, to the east and south of the Mariana Islands near Guam. The bottom of the trench, known as **Challenger Deep**, is farther below sea level than Mount Everest is above it and represents the deepest known location in the Earth 's crust. On March 24, 1995 the Japanese robotic deep-sea probe, Kaiko, broke the depth record for unmanned probes when it reached close to the surveyed bottom of the Challenger Deep. Its recorded depth of 35,797 feet is believed to be the most accurate measurement taken yet. Unfortunately, Kaiko was lost at sea when one of the secondary cables snapped during an approaching typhoon. Currently no other operational vehicle exists that is capable of reaching the same depths, and no other manned vehicle has even come close. Challenger Deep remains unexplored territory, one of the few remaining frontiers in modern civilization.

<u>FACT</u>: Methane clathrate, also called methane hydrate or "methane ice," is a form of combustible ice that contains a large amount of methane within its crystal structure. Originally thought to occur only in the outer regions of the solar system where temperatures are low and water ice is common, extremely large deposits of methane clathrate have been found under sediments on Earth's ocean floors. The sudden release of large amounts of natural gas from methane clathrate deposits has been hypothesized as a cause of past and possibly future cataclysmic climate changes, most notably the Permian-Triassic extinction event, sometimes informally called "The Great Dying." This occurred approximately 251 million years ago and is considered to be Earth's most severe extinction event, during which 96 percent of all marine species and 70 percent of terrestrial vertebrate species became extinct.

<u>Page 1</u>
Five Widescreen panels.

Panel 1
Darkness. The ocean depths.

CAPTION: COLD.

CAPTION: DEEP.

CAPTION: CALM.

Panel 2
One tiny white bubble pops into view.

CAPTION: IT STARTED WITH BUBBLES.

CAPTION: TINY BUBBLES…

Panel 3
Many more bubbles. Black begins to give way to dark blue at the top of the panel.

CAPTION: METHANE. RELEASED FROM FROZEN METHANE ICE IN THE OCEAN DEPTHS.

Panel 4
Lighter blue panel and more bubbles, lots of them now. Almost filling the panel.

CAPTION: SLOWLY.

CAPTION: STEADILY.

Panel 5
Bubbles burst out of the ocean's surface.

CAPTION: THE BUBBLES FIND AIR.

<u>Page 2 and 3</u>
Five panels, double page spread.

Coloring note: These panels should get warmer and warmer colors until they're red hot in panel 5. We want the readers to FEEL the heat.

Panel 1
Top 2/3 of the spread. Wide panorama shot of the wild life. We're in the distant past with lots of dinosaurs and what not. It's beautiful—a paradise. Pterodactyls in the sky, giant herbivores roaming free, a flowing river, teeming with life. This is a vibrant and balanced place. The sun is bright and warm. Really bring this home.

CAPTION: AND BEGIN TO CHANGE THE WORLD.

CAPTION: 251.4 MILLION YEARS AGO.

Panels 2-5 are along the bottom 1/3 or the spread, two to a page.

Panel 2
A dinosaur looks up, the sun blazing behind him. Maybe a good lens flair would be in order here. It's getting hot.

CAPTION: THE ATMOSPHERE GREW HOT.

Panel 3
The river is dried up, just an inch of water and then dessert. Dinosaurs fighting to get at it.

CAPTION: THESE TINY, STEADY BUBBLES FROM THE SEA…

Panel 4
The forest is now dead, just dried wood, maybe some of it burning to.

CAPTION: …CAUSED A WORLD TO BURN.

Panel 5
The dinosaur from panel 2, in roughly the same position, only he's dead and this is just a shot of his skeletal head now lying on the sand.

CAPTION: …A WORLD TO DIE.

<u>Page 4</u>
4 panels

Panel 1
Largest panel on the page. Establishing shot of the US Navy Submarine SSN-775 The USS Texas. It's already under water. It's dark, but we should see the whole sub. Be sure that we can see the following things: The one screw (propeller), the Texas Insignia on the ship (see Texas home page in reference links for the decal), and the missile tubes for the nukes. I don't care if we see the torpedo tubes or not, as they won't be relevant to the story at any point. At the top of the sub, we should be able to make out some of the communications equipment. I'd like to do everything we can to get this stuff right. This is a real sub, so let's make it actually look like it does. You should have plenty of reference from the links.

IMPORTANT: Make sure, even though it's dark, that the submarine is established with a large cave-wall of ice behind it.

CAPTAIN HOLDEN (FROM SUB): They said this is an ELING mission, but there's something more going on out here…

EDITOR'S NOTE: ELING = Electronic Information Gathering

Panel 2
Interior of submarine, command and control room. We are establishing our first characters here, so let's make sure they're distinct from each other. They are: CAPTAIN JONATHAN HOLDEN, 1st OFFICER BRADLEY SPEERS, and HELMSMAN CHRISTOPHER MOORE. Please see the character descriptions sheet for reference guide. Also, I've provided a link for navy rank insignias; so again, let's get these right if we can.

It's already tense. Holden is telling the crew why they must venture so close to the ice shelf.

CAPTAIN HOLDEN: Helmsman, stick close to that ice shelf. I don't want us caught with our pants down.

HELMSMAN MOORE: Sir, we're practically frozen into the wall. I'll keep her steady.

HOLDEN: Thank you, Mr. Moore.

Panel 3
Something blips on sonar. Sonarman Second Class Frank D'Angelo pops his head out a room yelling: Incoming! He's in total panic.

SFX: RRRRRMMMMMBBBBLLLLLEEE!!!

FRANK D’ANGELO: CAPTAIN, SOMETHING’S MOVING RIGHT TOWARDS US!

FRANK D’ANGELO: SOMETHING BIG!

Panel 4
Two shot, Holden turns to Speers, angrily. Speers isn’t looking at the Captain, he’s barking orders.

HOLDEN: You hear that, Speers? They’re right on top of us.

SPEERS: EVASSIVE ACTION, PEOPLE!

SPEERS: WE DON’T KNOW THAT YET, SIR.

<u>Page 5</u>
6 panels

Panel 1
Holden orders a full stop. His arms are raised with palms out as if telling someone to ease down. He looks relaxed.

HOLDEN: Helmsman, full stop.

MOORE: Sir?

Panel 2
Holden explodes with anger!

HODLEN: FULL STOP! NOW!!!

MOORE: Aye, Sir. Full stop.

SPEERS: Captain, that thing is coming down on top of us.

Panel 3
The Captain is looking above him, like he can see through the hull of the ship. He's clearly paranoid about something. This is where we see that he's gone insane.

HOLDEN: Let them come.

Panel 4
Speers steps in very close to the captain, whispering intently. Speers is trying to get the captain to see that's he's a bit on edge here.

SPEERS: SIR?

SPEERS: Exactly who do you think is after us?

Panel 5
The captain ignoring Speers, orders the sub to dive. Let's get a shot of the Captain pointing down.

HOLDEN: DIVE!

HOLDEN: Down 20 degrees and dive fast as you can!

Panel 6
Exterior shot of the sub. The front end is down at 20 degree angle.

SFX (upper part of panel): RRRRUUUUMMMMBBBBLLLLEEEE!!!

SPEERS (from inside)	Oh, god.

<u>Pages 6 and 7</u>
1 panel

Panel 1
Double page spread! A huge chunk of ice slams into the back of the submarine, crushing the propeller. Ice chunks are hitting the sub all over and cascading under it and above it like a swimmer getting caught off guard by an ocean wave. The sub is taking quite a hit. We need to see the impact of the ice rocks shattering against the side. This has got to be big.

SPEERS: Brace yourselves!

<u>Page 8</u>

Panel 1
Establishing exterior shot of the Pentagon.

Secretary of Defense:	WHAT ARE WE DOING ABOUT IT?!

Panel 2
Extreme Close up of the Secretary of Defense. He's yelling!

Sec of Defense:	Admiral Johnston, we've got a downed nuclear submarine with a crew of 105 on board. I want to know what you're doing about it?

Panel 3
Medium shot of ADMIRAL JOHNSTON sitting on one side of a table taking the yells.

Sec of Defense:	Where is it? Can we get to it? Do we have communications established? How many survivors are there?

Panel 4
Medium shot (mirror image really) of DR. KELTON HIGGINS looking much the same as the Admiral in expression, but very different in physical appearance.

Sec of Defense:	What's the status of the reactor? Of the missiles?
Sec of Defense:	Kelton, how temperamental is this stuff? What level disaster are we looking at?

Panel 5
Pull out for an establishing shot of the room. The Secretary of Defense is at the head of the table and there are about 10 people on either side of the table. On one side, it's all military—army, navy, air force generals and admirals and so on. On the other side are the CIA, FBI, and science and so on. They're in suits.

Behind the Sec of Defense, projected on the wall is a photograph with schematics of the USS Texas. The photo is of the sub docked, not under water.

Sec of Defense:	I want answers, people!

<u>Page 9</u>
3 panels

Panel 1
Adm. Johnston darts back at the Secretary. Johnston is pointing at the projection on the wall.

Adm. Johnston:	Sir, here's the situation as we know it…
Adm. Johnston:	The Virginia class nuclear submarine SSN-775—better known as the TEXAS—has been lost.
Adm. Johnston:	Our best information puts her not far off the coast of Guam on an near a major ice shelf. Depth is unknown, but we're near the Mariana Trench here if not just plain IN it.
Sec of Defense:	That's bad.
Adm Johnston:	No deeper place on Earth, sir.

Panel 2
The Secretary of Defense is getting annoyed, leaning forward against the table.

Sec. of Defense:	Bottom line it for me, Admiral. Can we get those men out of there?

Panel 3
Largest panel on the page, close up on the Admiral.

Adm. Johnston:	Best case scenario, those men have 50 hours of air left before they start dying. If we have any hope of saving them, we've got to find an expert to take us down there.
Adm. Johnston:	Even with an expert, we need to find him yesterday.
Adm. Johnston:	But we're working on it, Sir. We've only got one possible lead…

<u>Page 10</u>
Six panels. Panels 1-3 on one tier. Panel 4 on it's own tier. Panels 5 and 6 on the last tier.

Panel 1
Close up on what we think is a bathysphere underwater. There's a cable coming from the top of it extending up and off panel. This panel is a bit dark, the water is murky.

Panel 2
The sphere is moving up here, so the light is better and we can begin to see that it's got a red stripe around it.

Panel 3
The sphere pops out of the water. The cable is just a fishing line and the sphere is just a fishing float
(http://images.jupiterimages.com/common/detail/85/95/22189585.jpg).

SFX: BLURP!

Panel 4
Pull back wide for the largest panel on the page. We're in Montana meeting Chase. His back is to us as he's fly fishing. We should see the scenery around him clearly. It's beautiful here, no one would want to leave. The river water comes up just above his knees and he's wearing the appropriate fly-fishing gear complete with bucket hat and lures on it.

Chase: Alright, fishies. Where are you little bastards?

Panel 5
Two military agents come rumbling down the embankment, calling to Chase.

Agent 1: Dr. Chase!

Panel 6
Chase turns to them, and we can see his face under his bucket hat.

Agent 1 (off panel): Dr. Chase! A moment of your time, please!

<u>Page 11</u>
Five panels

Panel 1
Large panel as Chase takes off the bucket hat, tight on Chase's face. He's thin and bald, but otherwise looks okay. This is important, as we will reveal that he has recently fought off cancer.

Chase: I'm hip deep in a river. Can't really say no, can I?

Panel 2
Two shot at the two agents give Chase the run down. What he's done and why they need him.

Agent 1: No, sir, I suppose not.

Agent 1: Agent Feinstein and myself have come on a matter of national security. Can we speak plainly, sir?

Chase: By all means. My lips are sealed.

Panel 3
There's a ship down. We see a dark, downed submarine sitting on ice with bubbles streaming out of it.

Agent 1 (caption): We've got a downed submarine, Dr. Chase. It's deep, we think. Deeper than any other crash site.

Agent 1 (caption): We are hopeful that her hull has held and that there are survivors. But we're running out of time. If there are survivors, they need an expert to get down there and get there fast.

Agent 1 (caption): We made a short list of people who could do it.

Panel 4
Chase puts his hands up, stopping the speakers. He doesn't buy it.

Chase: I get you. I've seen this movie…

Chase: It ends with half my crew dead.

Panel 5
Extreme Close up on Chase's eyes.

Chase: You're not telling me everything.

Page 12

Panel 1
Cut back to the Pentagon room. The Sec of Defense looks stunned.

Sec of Defense: Excuse me?

Sec of Defense: He said no?

Adm Johnston (off panel): Sir, we're working on it. Trying to find an angle, sir.

Panel 2
Closer on the Sec of Defense.

Sec of Defense: See to it, Johnston.

Sec of Defense: See.

Sec of Defense: To.

Sec of Defense: It.

Panel 3
The Admiral looks down, ashamed. Behind him, on screen is a photo of Chase with biographical data. Age, height, full name, all that good stuff…

Adm Johnston: Of course, Mr. Secretary.

Panel 4
The Secretary of Defense turns and looks the other way, pointing at someone on the other side of the table from him. Asking if the scientist knows of anyone who can help.

Sec of Defense: Do any of you know this Chase guy?

<u>Page 13</u>
Four panels.

Panel 1
DR. KELTON HIGGINS sheepishly puts his hand up.

Kelton: Ahem.

Kelton: Yes, Mr. Secretary. I know of him.

Panel 2
Sec of Defense sarcastically coaxing information out of Kelton Higgins.

Sec of Defense: Aaaaaaaaaand…

Panel 3
Kelton explains as he walks over to the giant screen, clicking to a new photo. This one is of Chase in action. He's in his wetgear on a boat seemingly in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean. It's a candid photo. He has a full head of hair, is with his wife Elizabeth and he looks happy. Loving life.

Kelton: Well, he, uh…

Kelton: AHEM!

Kelton: That is, he was a student of mine many years ago. A bright young man at the time. Smart and more than a little mischievous.

Kelton: A man like that sticks out amongst doctoral thesis hopefuls. But that's what we liked about him. His love of life. He didn't want the letters at the end of his name, he wanted the credentials that would allow him to have a life at sea.

Kelton: Heard he even got married at sea to another alum.

Kelton: Smart? I'd say brilliant. Crafty? Most definitely. The man made a name for himself in just 14 months after graduating. He wanted to go further down than anyone ever had before.

Panel 4
Kelton points to more photos on the screen. Chase is in a huge suit diving into the darkest depths of the water world. Another photo shows his crew (see character descriptions—Morgan James, Omar Thomas, Chase himself, Elisabeth, Justin Hollowell and Jose Sotomayor).

Kelton: And he did it. Prior to Eric’s dive, the record was was nearly 1,000 meters depth. With his own invention, Chase shattered the record. He dove 2,288 meters. And he’s only gone deeper since.

Kelton: His findings at such depths are invaluable but the conclusions he’s drawn from his samples and data are nothing short of impenetrable.

Kelton: There’s no better man for the job and no one—NO ONE—who can get to those poor men faster.

Kelton: Of course, when his wife died—lost at sea—he quit working. Way I hear it he hasn’t set foot on a boat in five years.

Page 14

Panel 1
Admiral Johnston is on a cell phone, holding up a finger to alert the Sec of Defense of what he's doing.

Adm. Johnston: Don't bother, sir. I'm already on it. I'm getting word to my men as we speak.

Adm. Johnston: We'll get Chase. Don't worry.

Panel 2
Two shot of Kelton and Sec of Defense. If we can see him, Johnston is still in the room but standing apart a bit.

Kelton: What else is there? According to Admiral Johnston, the reactor is secure and the missiles are not in danger.

Kelton: The only environmental concern is the possibility of Methane Ice.

Sec of Defense: What's that?

Panel 3
Close up of Kelton explaining. He's clearly nervous, but he's getting though it all.

Kelton: Methane ice? Oh, um, Its scientific name is Methane Clathrate. It's methane that's under such pressure that it has solidified. It's ice, but it's combustible.

Kelton: Honestly, until Eric Chase discovered it in the ocean depths, we thought it only existed in other parts of the solar system.

Kelton: It's theorized that Methane Ice slowly leaked from the ocean depths and caused "The Great Dying" some 400 million years ago. The Methane rose into the atmosphere and caused an atmospheric climate change so great, that nearly every animal—even plant—died across the planet.

Panel 4
Closer on Kelton. He's summing up and he's plesent because this whole thing doesn't matter as long as the nukes don't go off and he doesn't think they would.

Se of Defense: You said it's combustible?

Kelton: Sure, if it were ignited, the resulting explosion would—depending on the size of the Methane Ice deposit—well… kill all life.

Kelton: But there's nothing to worry about. The reactor is secure and the missiles are accounted for. A fire inside the sub wouldn't ignite the Methane Ice. It would take…

Kelton: …nothing short of a nuclear explosion.

Panel 5
Wide shot of the room. Everyone looks stunned and scared shitless.

Panel 6
Kelton alone. He doesn't understand the problem.

Kelton: What?

Kelton: Don't detonate the nukes and there won't be a problem.

Kelton: …

Kelton: What? What am I missing?

<u>Page 15</u>
Five panels

Panel 1
Medium shot as Chase, with opens hands, quickly grasps what they're not telling him. The nukes are live.

Chase: Those warheads are going to detonate.

Chase: Of course, after 9/11 the U.S. Navy took an extra precaution and implemented "The Red Riding Hood Protocol" in case any sub ran away.

Chase: We can't have nuclear war heads running around unaccounted for, so if a ship breaks contact for 72 hours, boom. They all blow.

Chase: That's a problem, but still doesn't explain why you want…

Chase: Oh, shit.

Panel 2
A shot of Methane ice underneath the submarine, spider-cracking beneath the sub's weight. Barely enough light to see it, but it's there.

Chase: Methane Ice.

Chase: You need me because that sub is on Methane Ice.

Chase: So you've got a sub about to light the fuse on a planetary bomb.

Chase: You're talking about Armageddon.

Panel 3
Give us a shot here of MORGAN JAMES and OMAR THOMAS. They're players later. In this shot they should be on a big boat, close on their faces. (See character descriptions)

Chase: And I'm the guy you come to? You two suits don't know anything about me, do you?

Chase: Jesus.

Chase: Even if I agreed to help, I'd need Morgan James and Omar Thomas, my old crew. But I don't think they'll help if I'm

involved.

Agent 1: Sir?

Chase: It's complicated.

Panel 4
Tight on Chase's hands, fingering the fishing line.

Chase: …so you came after me, ready to reel me back in, huh?

Panel 5
The government agents look at each other like, "man, this is the right dude for the job—right on."

Agent 2: That's about the size of it.

Agent 1: Yes, Sir. We need you.

Agent 1: The world needs you.

<u>Page 16</u>
Four panels.

Panel 1
A third of the page. Tight on Chase's face as he glances down and to the side, avoiding eye contact.

Chase: Hmm. Who'd of thought?

Panel 2
Flashback to the dive gone wrong. We see a small under water craft vessel dropping in the ocean, it's umbilical chord is not taught, it looks loose, but it does extend beyond the panel border so we can't see if it has snapped or not, but it seems to have a lot of slack in it. It's a black panel except for what little we can see of the craft's lights.

Panel 3
Chase picks his head back up, looking the reader dead in the face.

Panel 4
Repeat of panel 3, but tighter.

Chase: I'm not your man.

Chase: Find another cat to scratch your itch.

<u>Page 17</u>
Five panels

Panel 1
Black panel the width of the page. Voices can be read only.

Voice: Oh, God, what are we gonna do?

Voice: We should be dead already.

Voice: This isn't possible. It's not happening.

Voice: It CAN'T be happening.

Panel 2
Extreme close up on Speers's eye as it opens. Everything is bathed in red light in the submarine from here on out. The red light is coming from emergency lighting systems.

Speers: Uuuuuuu…

Voice: I can't believe the hull is holding.

Voice: Hey, look!

Voice: It's Speers. I thought he was dead.

Panel 3
Pull out and establish the scene. The sub is on its side at a 45 degree angle. Everyone's been thrown around and there is water leaking in slowly—forcefully, but slowly. Speers should be in the extreme foreground, and we're looking past him at everyone else. There is a pool of thigh-high water between Speers and the rest of the crew that's awake. We don't see the captain here.

Speers: We… we're not dead?

Moore: No, sir! We're not going to die on you, sir.

D'Angelo: Commander Speers, what are we supposed to do?

Speers: I… I think we're supposed to survive, son.

Panel 4
Speers winces in pain as he tries to move. His leg is broken, and he just found out. He yells at the pain.

Speers: Let’s get a look at the—Yaaargh!

Panel 5
Shot of Speers grabbing his broken leg and yelling for a medic.

Speers: Dammit! Leg’s broken.

Speers: Somebody help me up.

<u>Page 18</u>
Six panels

Panel 1
Helmsman Moore starts to head over, calling out to him. Speers yells for a situation report.

Moore: On it!

Speers: And get me a SIT REP! How bad is it?

Panel 2
Moore is wading though thigh-high water to get to Speers, carrying a flashlight as he starts giving the report.

Moore: Communications are off-line. We're taking on water…

Panel 3
Moore reaches Speers with the medic kit as he finishes the report.

Moore: …we've got four dead in here, can't get to the rest of the boat, sir. We don't know how everyone else is doing.

Moore: And given our last position, I think we're near Guam, but I can't say for sure where we landed.

Speers: Depth?

Panel 4
Close up on Speer's leg as Moore wraps it tight with two splints in it. Moore is tightening it and it hurts Speers. He winces again (not that we can see it, because it's a close up of Moore's hands tightening the bandages on Speer's leg).

Moore: Bad. Well below crush depth. It's a miracle we haven't imploded already—

Panel 5
Pull out for a wide shot, the width of the page. Everyone stops doing what they're doing as the hull begins to move. Everyone is looking up as if they would be able to see something…

SFX: RRRRRRRUUUUUUNNNK!

Panel 6
Same as panel 5 but the sound has stopped. Everyone's looking at each other. Panic is starting to set in.

D’angelo:	Here it comes. This is it!
Speers:	Shut up, D’Angelo! This boat’s not going to kill us.
Speers:	Not if you all do your duty, anyway. So listen up.

<u>Page 19</u>
Six panels

Panel 1
Speers lifts himself up in this topsy-turny environment.

Speers: Someone get me a report from engineering. How's the reactor?

Panel 2
Cut to: Engineering room with reactor core. MILES POLLET is there answering the phone. He's angry, not hurt.

Pollet: WHAT?!

Panel 3
There's a young kid above Pollet in the pipes with a device detecting radiation. The kid is climbing in between the pipes like a monkey.

Pollet: Missiles are fine near as I can tell. The core looks good. I got 'Lil Chip up in the pipes making sure they're all still sealed and we're not dead already, but so far so good… I guess.

Pollet: How's the captain?

Panel 4
Cut back to bridge. Close up. The Captain is holding his head, there's a bloody bandage on it.

Holden: I'm fine, Pollet. Thanks for the concern.

Speers: He's not fine, but he is alive.

Holden: What do you mean—

Panel 5
Speers grabs the intercom (like a trucker's CB radio) and speaks into it. The captain can be seen behind him. Speers looks determined.

Speers: Attention, crew. This is Speers. We're doing what we can. I need reports from everyone. I need to know where we stand so I can figure out what we're going to do.

Holden: Speers, what do you think—

Speers: I've taken command of this boat. One man got us into this mess.

Panel 6
Speers points his pistol at the captain (he’s still speaking into the mic).

Speers: I’m going to get us out.

Speers: That is all.

<u>Page 20</u>
Four panels

Panel 1
The captain is being hand cuffed in the back ground while, in the foreground, Speers, Moore and others are gathering around to make a plan.

Panel 2
Close up on Speers.

Speers: Rescue is pretty much out of the question. They've got 72 hours before the missiles blow automatically if they can't re-establish communications.

Speers: So, secure the hull as best we can, get comms up and running.

Speers: Okay, people, let's get to work!

Panel 3
Pull out a bit so we can see everyone. They're breaking from the huddle, but slowly.

Panel 4
Close up on Speers. He yells like a Marine.

Speers: MOVE PEOPLE!

<u>Page 21</u>
Five panels

Panel 1
Back to Montana as Chase is walking up a short slope back towards his car. He's in the back ground. In the foreground are the two agents following Chase. One of them is reaching out with his hand, calling to Chase.

Agent: Ryan Hennessey!

Panel 2
Smaller panel. Close on Chase as he turns around to listen, just looking over his shoulder—kind of a menacing look. He doesn't like where this is going.

Agent: Seaman Ryan Hennessey is on the sub.

Panel 3
Smaller panel. The two agents are whispering to each other.

Agent 2 (whisper): Who is Seaman Ryan Hennessey?

Agent 1 (whisper): I have no idea. Just came in on the wire.

Panel 4
Flashback again, this time to a funeral. Chase is standing in the front of the line, looking down at the casket before it's lowered. It's raining hard. There are a number of people behind him. No one is comforting him. No one is even talking to him. He looks drenched and miserable.

Panel 5
Back to the present: This shot is in front of Chase looking over his shoulder with the agents trailing behind him. Chase is walking towards us.

Chase: Come on then, spooks.

<u>Page 22</u>
One panel

Panel 1
Full page splash. Close up on Chase.

Chase: Seems we got a job to do.

TO BE CONTINUED…